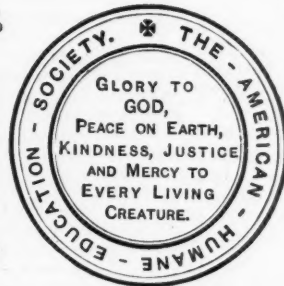


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 26.

Boston, March, 1894.

No. 10.



A CURTAIN LECTURE.

FOR BRAVE DEEDS.

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in France has founded an order of merit, the insignia of which are bestowed on dogs who distinguish themselves by deeds of bravery. A tastefully designed collar of honor is awarded. Among the animals decorated, one of the most celebrated is Bacchus, a large bull-dog, whose specialty is to stop runaway horses by jumping up and seizing them by the bridle. It is said that the intelligent beast has already saved the lives of eight persons in this way. Pataud, another bull-dog, received a collar in 1887 for saving his mistress from the attack of a foot-pad; and Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has had a similar honor for saving three young children from drowning, on as many occasions.—*Transcript, Feb. 9.*

SAVED BY A DOG.

The sagacity of a dog saved a Woburn family early this morning from being burned to death. Fire started in the house of John Rooney, on Pool Street, North Woburn, about two o'clock, and the family, consisting of five persons, barely escaped with their lives.

They were saved, however, by the instinct of the house dog, who rushed up stairs and aroused Mr. Rooney by barking. Escape by the stairways to the lower part of the house was cut off by the fire, and the upper rooms were fast filling with smoke. Mr. Rooney succeeded in tying some bed covering together, and with this lowered one of his sons to the ground. He obtained a ladder and rescued the others, but not until they were nearly overcome by the smoke, one of the sons being nearly unconscious.—*Transcript, Feb. 9.*

MR. ANGELL'S SICKNESS.

The following, dictated by Mr. Angell, has been sent to various corresponding friends.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Since last addressing our kind friends we have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and but for the Infinite Goodness, would now be lying beneath the turf on a little hillside of Mount Auburn.

On January 6th, out of a perfectly clear sky of unusual good health, suddenly came upon us, without warning, like a black cyclone, "the gripe," and in a few hours, bereft of reason, attacked by pneumonia in both lungs, under the care of two physicians who thought our case almost hopeless, we lay panting and struggling for breath and life.

Our life has been spared, for how much longer we cannot tell, to carry on the battle to which it is gladly devoted.

We recognize that it is largely a battle of this world, to be fought as heretofore with worldly weapons, but if our friends should at any time hereafter sometimes think that

our armor seems to resemble in some respects somewhat more than heretofore the panoply of a higher existence, they may know that through the long days and nights, when our life hung trembling in the balance, thoughts have come to us which can never be forgotten until our final call by the angelus bells of eternity to pass from labor *perhaps* to perpetual adoration and prayer.

Nothing has touched us more deeply during our sickness than when told that the young ladies in one of our large educational institutions were in their prayer meetings asking the Almighty to spare our life.

To all who in this time of our great trial and danger have remembered us in their thoughts and prayers we can only say God bless you—God bless you all.

Some people do not believe in the efficacy of prayer.

On the other hand, millions on millions on millions of the holiest and best men and women of all ages from the dawn of civilization to the present time have believed as fully in the efficacy of prayer as they have in their own existence.

The happiest hours of a large part of the life of our own good mother were the two hours which she gave daily to silent, secret prayer, and you might as well have tried to convince her that the sun, moon and stars stood still in the heavens as to convince her that the Almighty did not listen to prayer.

We would be glad to have not only the prayers of all our humane friends and societies and "Bands of Mercy," but of all the good, both living and dead, who have power to pray.

How soon Mr. Angell may be able to attend to business at his office is very uncertain.

His future usefulness demands that he should take no unnecessary risks at present.

The January meeting of the directors of our Humane Societies occurring when Mr. Angell was very sick, the following kind resolution was, on motion of Mrs. Wm. Appleton, unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to convey to Mrs. Angell an expression of our sorrow for President Angell's sickness, our cordial sympathy with her in these anxious hours, and our earnest wish for her husband's speedy recovery and return to the noble work of his consecrated life.

WHAT WE HAVE TO BE GRATEFUL FOR.

That our friends may know, we think it well to say that both our physicians think our recovery almost a miracle. The older says that out of 375 persons in our condition at one time, he would expect 374 to die. It certainly looks as though there was more work for us to do in this world, and we shall be glad to the extent of our ability to do it.

KIND LETTERS.

One of the blessings of our sickness has been the large number of kind letters received from the largest givers and best friends of our cause—letters containing such words as these:

"Our whole community was sad on hearing of your sickness. I speak for myself and those that cannot speak. God keep and bless you!"

"I am deeply grateful to God for preserving your life. How many prayers were put up for your recovery you will probably never know."

From one of Boston's most honored citizens:

"During your sickness you had my sympathies and prayers. I trust you are spared for many years

yet of good work. I trust you will not be discouraged in your warfare against the cutting up of live animals. If you do not conquer every time you are at least enlightening and elevating public sentiment. * * * I repeat may you be long spared."

"Dear Sir,—Accept most sincere congratulations on your earnestly longed-for return to health, not only for the sake of your family and personal friends, but even far more for the sake of the myriads of dumb creatures who need your skill and courage to fight their battle against those who are against them. Please accept the enclosed with the earnest wish that your life may be long spared to us. Respectfully."

This letter contained \$50 to aid in paying the expenses of our sickness.

From the home of the Bishop of Maryland, and we think from the Bishop's wife, came this:

"I am so glad to hear of Mr. Angell's convalescence. God made the shadow of death to pass over him. Thousands have prayed for him. Thousands will give thanks to God for giving him back."

From North Carolina:

"Oh, that his life may be spared. How many are praying for this."

WHY?

Why does Mr. Angell put so much in "Our Dumb Animals" which relates simply to himself?

Answer: Mr. Angell knows that this paper goes to thousands who have very likely very little interest in Mr. Angell personally. But on the other hand it goes to other thousands connected with our "Bands of Mercy" and "Humane Societies" all over the world, and that most important class of readers who furnish the money to carry on our work, to whom Mr. Angell's health and plans are matters in many cases of much interest.

It is a mystery to us how our life happened to be saved when both doctors considered it almost a miracle, and the senior thinks that out of 375 in our condition 374 would have died.

Some may ascribe it to the skill of our doctors, some to the devoted nursing of our good wife during our week of greatest danger night and day with almost no sleep, while others may think the prayers they offered were not in vain. God only knows.

TUFTS AND OTHER COLLEGES.

We have said a good deal about our colleges in the past few years, and sent our papers to all their presidents, and by the offer of \$700 in prizes and otherwise have tried to call attention to the importance of a higher moral and humane education in all our higher institutions of learning.

If the recent outrages in Cornell, Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Brown, Tufts, Yale, and others, involving in many cases large numbers of students and sometimes whole classes, and resulting, as some of them have, in kidnapping, murder, destruction of property, and danger to life, cannot be stopped otherwise, we think all good citizens will agree that the time has come when our criminal laws should be enforced as vigorously against college students as against other criminals, and when every college president should say, as Dr. Wayland once said to the trustees of Brown University, "Gentlemen, my resignation is at your disposal at any moment, but if I remain here I am going to have good order if I expel every student in the University,"—and he had it.

The education which will send out doctors, lawyers, teachers and editors to bless the world and make it happier, is a good thing—but the education which leads young men to defy the laws of humanity and the land is as deadly as the *Upas* tree to all who come within its poisonous influence.

Better—far better that our boys should never enter a college than be subjected to influences and companions there which imperil their friends, their country, and their own immortal souls.

We are delighted just before going to press to read of the vigorous action of President Capen and the Faculty of Tufts College in regard to the recent disturbances there.

Such heroic treatment will go far towards building up the fast growing popularity of that excellent institution, and *perhaps* add materially to its funds.

If we could have our say not another dollar should be given to any college which *knowingly* keeps within its fold young men whose moral influence is dangerous to other students.

Let them go to some *Botany Bay*, where, under strict discipline, efforts can be made to reform them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BEAUTIFUL JOE.

As our readers know, this story was awarded one of our \$200 prizes by our "American Humane Education Society."

The writer, Miss Saunders, preferred to decline the \$200 and have the story published by "The American Baptist Publication Society" at Philadelphia, for her and their profit.

Although but just issued from the press, she writes us that the publishers have already sold over three thousand copies, and that the book is to be immediately translated into various foreign languages. We hope that Miss Saunders may make as much money out of it as Harriet Beecher Stowe did out of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The price, of course, is more than that of our publications, which we *practically* give away, relying on the gifts of friends who read them to carry on our missionary work.

The book being dedicated to us, Miss Saunders desires in the foreign editions to add the names of the Humane Societies of which we are President. We write her that we are always glad to have them added to our name everywhere in books, newspapers, on letter heads, envelopes, &c., &c., because they call public attention wherever they go to the fact that there are such organizations, and lead to inquiry and investigation as to their plans and work.

"Beautiful Joe" is bound only in cloth. Copies can be had at our offices at 60 cents, or sent by mail, 72 cents.

Postage stamps, if received, as good as any other form of remittance, but post-office money orders safer.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S" AND "HOLLYHURST."

Our 1st edition of "The Strike at Shane's" was 5000, our 2d 20,000, and our 3d, just completed, 50,000.

Our 1st edition of "Hollyhurst" was 5000, our 2d 20,000.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents. Cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at Shane's," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail 10 cents. Each of these three cloth bound 20 cents, or sent by mail 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance.

A FEW OF OUR RECENT ORDERS.

Amesbury, Mass.—150 "Strike at Shane's" and 150 "Hollyhurst" for the public schools.

Chelsea, Mass.—75 "Strike at Shane's" and 75 "Hollyhurst" for supplementary reading in the public schools.

A New York firm.—200 "Strike at Shane's," 200 "Hollyhurst."

A leading Boston house.—1000 "Hollyhurst" and 1000 "Strike at Shane's."

Humane Society, So. Bend, Ind.—300 copies of "Strike at Shane's."

Dover, N. H.—125 boards-bound "Black Beauty" for supplementary reading in the schools.

(Continued on page 120.)



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over eighteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

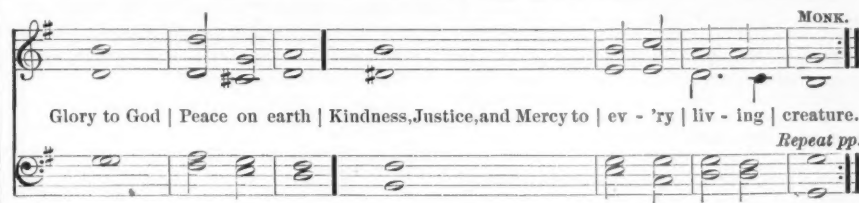
5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

Our friend, Mr. L. M. Chase, Master of the Dudley School, sends the following musical adaptation of our Band of Mercy and American Humane Education Society seals. He says of it:

"I find this very effective and popular, and well adapted as a part of the opening exercises of each school day. Sometimes a selected choir sings and then the body of the class repeats, pp."



THE MODEL PRAYER OF THE AGES.

O Thou, our Father, dwelling there in heaven!
Not circumscribed, save by the larger love
Which to thy love's first offspring must be given,
Who from the first have dwelt with thee above!
By every creature hallowed be thy name
And praised thy goodness, as for man was meant
To render thanks to thy benignant face:
May to our souls thy kingdom's peace be lent,
For of ourselves we could not come thereto
With all our intellect, unless 'twere sent:
And even as of their will thine angels do
Chanting Hosanna sacrifice to thee,
So to thy will may men their own subdue:
Our daily manna give to us this day,
Without which help, through this rough wilderness,
Who strives to go falls backward on his way.
And even as we forbear us to redress
The wrong from others which we have to brook,
Pardon thou us, benignant One! and less
On our deserving than our weakness look:
Try not our virtue, ever prone to yield,
'Gainst the old enemy who spurs it so;
Deliver us from him and be our shield.

Dr. T. W. PARSONS trans. from Dante.

Christians! be you more steadfast, more serene.
Fly not like feathers at each puff that blows,
Nor think that every wave will wash you clean,
That any field may serve you for repose.

—Ibid.

OUR BAND OF MERCY.

BY MRS. L. B. BRIANT.

This school embraces within its members the usual quota of incorrigibles.

I refer to those restless spirits who know no guide but impulse, and who from first to last are such problems to us teachers.

The influence which our "Band of Mercy" is exerting upon this class confirms my long-time belief that kindness is the most effectual civilizer in the world.

Last fall there fell in my way a little paper published in Boston, "Our Dumb Animals." The motto of the little sheet is: "We Speak for Those who Cannot Speak for Themselves."

I read therein that to any person who would form a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of 30 adults or children, the editor would send the periodical for a year. A copy of the songs, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," and some other reading matter—free.

When Lady Meath visited the school a few years ago she organized a society with the watchword, "No Day Without a Deed to Crown it." The zest with which the children entered into and exemplified the spirit of this maxim encouraged me to make the attempt to include kindness to animals within the range of our efforts.

I had not anticipated the result. Worthless curs and maltreated kittens began to pour in upon us. The chief rescuers were the incorrigibles. But we could not retreat from our position. All would be lost if by word or look

we should give rise to the suspicion that these poor creatures were unwelcome. So they were nursed and fed a day or two, or until such time as the children could obtain permission from their parents to take them to their homes.

The demand proved equal to the supply.

Many a penny intended to be spent in a candy shop has been cheerfully yielded up to buy milk or meat for some starving animal. Since, the children have been requested to confine their ministrations to the street. And we are in frequent receipt of thrilling tales of rescue of some homeless cat or hapless dog from torture or starvation.

It seems to me that the sentiment of the pledge should be inculcated in every school room of the land: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and protect them from cruel usage." Another quotation taken from "Our Dumb Animals" would soon make the world a better and a happier place in which to live, if its truth could be impressed upon the children of to-day: "The chief duty of life is never to give pain."

In closing I will add that once or twice a week during the morning exercises a story or two relating to kindness to animals is told, and one of the songs of the "Band of Mercy" is sung.

During the last year my class has been much interested in the varying fortunes of "Black Beauty," which I read to them during the last half hour on Friday afternoons. More and more I am convinced that Mr. Drummond was right when he declared "Kindness to be the Greatest Thing in the World."—Work Among Children.

AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE.

Lovers of animal life in art would be charmed with a handsome oil painting at Noyes' art store, on Bromfield Street.

This interesting study is by the well-known artist Mr. Sidney Brackett, and represents six fine tawny St. Bernard pups peering over a wide board in their kennel-yard at some tiny chicks dipping their bills into a bowl of milk. The artist has caught very cleverly the expressions of longing, wonder, and impatience in the faces of these young thoroughbreds.

Mr. Brackett has two other attractive paintings there. One shows a large handsome dog waiting for admittance at the door of his master, a surgeon, with a tramp cur who has a wounded paw. The protecting, benign air of this canine good Samaritan is excellently done. The other is a sketch of three fluffy little Skyes frightened away from their saucer of food by two bumble-bees.

Man is the only animal that finds fun in killing—the only animal that kills others for fun.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1894.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1632, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month five hundred and sixty new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of eighteen thousand four hundred and sixty-six.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

"BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

FEBRUARY AND MARCH "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Through the sickness of Mr. Angell the preparation of our February and March numbers has devolved upon the Secretary, though in February number several articles appeared written by Mr. Angell before his sickness, and in this number are several articles dictated by him since.

To Mr. Angell's explanation we add a Western lady's tribute to the surpassing excellence of the January number, which was edited wholly by him.

"I do not think I was ever so glad to get a package of these papers as when these reached me. I had in mind so many places to put just such matter. I cannot thank you enough. Beautiful and complete as many issues of this exquisite publication have been before, it does seem to me that this last eclipsed all others."

BULL FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

Bull fighting in Spain gets the hardest blow yet by Pope Leo denying to matadores the last rites of the church and forbidding the attendance of the faithful. Of recent years, a priest has always been in attendance in the ante-room of a bull fight ready to shrive the soul of any man unfortunate enough to find death on the horns of a bull.—Boston Herald.

VIVISECTION IN OHIO.

An Ohio friend sends us a copy of a law about to be enacted, she says, by the Legislature of that State, by which all criminals sentenced to death are to be turned over to the surgeons for experiments in vivisection.

Why not take school children to the slaughter-houses and show them the internal organs of the various animals killed for food?

THE FOLLOWING LETTER HAS BEEN HANDED TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

To the Members of the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

GENTLEMEN,—

Respectfully represents the undersigned, that while slowly convalescing from an attack of pneumonia in both lungs, from which he has barely escaped with life, he is unable to appear before the committees of your honorable bodies to ask, in behalf of the several Humane Societies he represents, that you will kindly grant that the school children of this State shall not be taught in our schools, by the use of chloroform and otherwise, to kill and dissect cats and other animals—a teaching painful to many, injurious to all who are led to become interested in such killing and dissections, and as we think liable in some, and perhaps many, cases to become dangerous to public safety.

The undersigned, in behalf of the several Societies he represents, would most respectfully present the following specimen statements showing the nature of these teachings, and would most earnestly pray for your votes and voices to prohibit them throughout this Commonwealth.

With the earnest belief that the Legislature will gladly now, as it has many times in the past, aid our humane work, which stands today, in the judgment of many, second to no

other in this country or the world, I am most respectfully and gratefully,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

HUNDREDS OF NEWSPAPER NOTICES OF "THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S."

We have received already hundreds of kind newspaper notices of "The Strike at Shane's"—a story of Indiana—which bids fair to be as widely read as "Black Beauty."

Among our letters relating to it come several from some of our highly cultured friends regretting that it contains certain expressions not of the purest English which some of our teachers wish to teach in their schools, and expressing the hope that we may issue an expurgated edition. To which we answer that it is not intended as a text-book to teach pure English, but a book to teach the masses kindness to dumb animals.

A sublime play of Shakespeare in the hands of a great actor may draw a cultivated audience four or five nights in a theatrical season, while "The Old Homestead" or "The Country Fair" will crowd our largest theatre for a hundred successive nights.

Years ago the evangelist Moody said to us, "What a pity I could not have had a college education as you had."

Our answer was: "If you had gone to college, Mr. Moody, and filled your head with long dictionary words of Latin and Greek derivation, the chances are you would never have had one-tenth the power with the masses you now have."

Some people thought it a great mistake that Governor Robinson did not deliver an eloquent oration in the Borden trial. Governor Robinson knew better, talked to the jury as he did, and won his case.

We remember an old judge of our supreme court who always told the jury what the *p'int* (not point) of the case was. The lawyers said that after that judge had charged a jury there was nothing left for the jury but to bring in a verdict.

Now as to the expurgated edition, we have in our "Hollyhust"—a Massachusetts story—written in pure English, covering the same and perhaps a larger ground than "Shane's," equally and in some respects even a more interesting book for schools and scholars, and destined, we think, sooner or later to rival in circulation both "Shane's" and "Black Beauty."

For schools and scholars "Hollyhust" completely fills the bill, while, for a book to be read by millions in the South and great West, away out on the prairies, in the camps of miners, and lumbermen, and cowboys, and cattle raisers, and hundreds of thousands of farmers, any attempt to expurgate "The Strike at Shane's" would only lessen its value.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE OLD JUDGE.

In our article on newspaper notices of "The Strike at Shane's," we speak of the old judge who always told the jury what the *p'int* of the case was.

To tell the whole truth of the matter the old judge had a very poor opinion of the intelligence of juries.

We had occasion to tell him once that the lawyers complained that his charges were practically arguments for one side and left no chance for the other.

The judge replied, "Certainly. *That is the business of a judge.* What do juries know about cases? Nothing at all. It is the business of a judge to hear the evidence, make up his mind how the case ought to be decided, and tell the jury how to decide it."

"SHANE'S."

Of course the only objection to having two editions of "Shane's" is the extra cost of the second, which would probably be quite or nearly as much as the first. In consideration of the fact that "Hollyhurst" covers the same ground, as also our prize story, "Beautiful Joe," published by the "American Baptist Publication Society," and that we have five more prize stories to follow, and all written, if we remember rightly, in unexceptionably pure English, it does not seem to us judicious to incur the expense of two editions of "Shane's" at present.

OTHER PRIZE STORIES.

We have still left five more prize stories, including two Southern and two Western, which Mr. Angell proposes in the coming spring and summer to mould over and prepare for publication whenever it may be deemed best to publish them. While the stories are all interesting and valuable, yet their writers being comparatively unfamiliar with our work, they can be made vastly more useful, and given wider circulation by cutting down, adding to, and making various alterations. The prize committee on these stories, as our readers will recollect, were Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Dr. Mozom, and Mr. Butterworth of "The Youth's Companion."

IF
—YOU WANT—
YOUR CHILDREN
—TO—

** BE KIND **
—TO—

DUMB ANIMALS
YOU WANT TO GET

● ● B. B. AND S. S. ● ●
FOR THEM.

The foregoing is a verbatim copy of an inscription which *The Press* editor's little eight-year-old girl, Bertha, handed him one evening after returning from his day's work at the office, with the request that it be inserted in the advertising columns of *The Press*.

That occurred several weeks ago, and the next day we sent an order to *The American Humane Education Society* for 100 copies of "B. B." and "S. S.," two books which have been quite devoured by the editor's little ones at home.

The mysterious initial letters, "B. B." and "S. S.," stand for "Black Beauty" and the "Strike at Shane's," two books which have met with a very extensive sale, and the reading of which would benefit every family in the land—especially where there are little ones.—*Howard Press, South Dakota.*

GOVERNOR GREENHALGE AND THE CAT.

Only one individual attracted as much attention as Gov. Greenhalge at the banquet of the Citizens' Trade Association at East Boston, at the Maverick House, and that was Landlord Foster's favorite tabby, which, with tail erect and a confident friendliness expressed in every mincing footstep, made a circuit of the Corinthian pillared dining-hall, tasted some chicken salad, and playfully tried her claws on the dangling end of a lady's sash.

Puss did not pay for her ticket, but she was welcomed for all that. One hundred ladies said, "Isn't she sweet," and their hundred escorts condescendingly smiled.—*Journal.*

Have a care, Pussy; you may yet become an object-lesson in physiology in a Boston Public School.

OUR POLICE.

A letter from a kind friend tells us of capital good work done in our behalf by policeman John B. O'Grady of Station 4. We get lots of aid from our police, whom we believe to be among the most careful readers of "Our Dumb Animals" every month. Very unjust complaints are often made of our police. For our part we have a profound respect for and sympathy with these men, who stand for our protection against anarchy—ready at any hour of the day or night to risk their lives in defence of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ONE OF THE FUNNIEST STORIES WE HAVE READ FOR YEARS.

MIKE'S MYSTERY.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

"What will I do after I've cleaned the stable to-day, missus?" asked Mike, a servant of Mrs. May. "Wait a few moments, Mike, till I have finished 'The Strike at Shane's,'" answered Mrs. May.

He went to the kitchen, saying to the cook, "Whatever is 'The Strike at Shane's'?" I hear Jim Macarty talking about it last night, an' I seen Mrs. Cronin wid her clothes standing in the tub an' the ither half flapping on the line, an'—"

"Some one is calling you, Mike," said the cook, with a broad smile, for she had been told by her mistress that the "Strike" was a story about animals. She concluded to keep it a mystery for a while and enjoy the fun of seeing Mike trying to puzzle it out.

After Mike had cleared the stable his mistress told him he must go to the city and get a basket of meat his master had ordered at the market.

While in the cars he heard two young ladies talking behind him. It was "The Strike at Shane's" that he heard one say was "just splendid," and Mike, as he left the car, said to himself, "It must be a dog fight or some ither wicked thing. Faith if I kin find it I'll go an' see meself."

He was walking rapidly toward the market when a boy ran into him and nearly knocked him down.

"Mind yer steps, b'y; I ain't a highway to be walked over," said Mike, angrily.

"Excuse me; I—I was reading as I had no right to in the street," answered the lad; "but," he continued, "the story was so interesting—it's the 'Strike'—"

"Bother 'The Strike'; I've a mind to strike ye, b'y, for treading on me new boots."

Seeing that words would be of no avail the boy passed on, while Mike went muttering to himself, "'The Strike at Shane's';' begorra I'll know whatever it manes before night."

He walked so rapidly he ran into an elderly lady with a package in her hand. It fell to the pavement. Mike stooped to pick it up, when a playful dog caught it in his mouth and ran down the street.

"Oh, dear! I've lost 'The Strike at Shane's.' It's the only copy I can afford to buy." The woman almost cried.

"Bother the pup," said Mike. "Ye jist wait here while I chase him."

Some boys, either in fear or mischief, seeing the dog running and Mike chasing him, cried "Mad dog!" It was quickly echoed by the crowd. Men, women and children ran wildly, till a policeman caught the animal and took the tattered book and handed it to Mike. He retraced his steps and found the woman anxiously waiting. "Here's the paces, ma'am; it's all the pup left."

She took it, while her face plainly showed her disappointment. It was a great loss to her, as she was going to read it to her sick grandchild.

Then Mike hoped he would reach the market before anything more happened; but he was mistaken.

In crossing a crowded street and trying to dodge an electric he ran against a man who had just come from a book-blindery. His arms were full of bundles. He slipped, and out came book after book, some into the gutter, some under the feet of the people.

Boys laughed, women ran, coachmen grinned almost audibly, young ladies said,—

"Oh, my!" and passed on.

"A fine job I have on my hands," said the man who had fallen to the policeman who picked him up.

"Where's that blundering Irishman? Catch him." Mike was out of sight; but before he got far away he heard some one say, "'Strike at Shane's,' I read it on one of the covers."

He began to be really alarmed, but reached the market, took the basket and started for the station,

and reached home without any more accidents. The cook told on his arrival that Mrs. May was going to read a story to him that evening, and that it was called "The Strike at Shane's."

"Niver!" he exclaimed. "I've had enough of the crathur! I've seen the baste meself!"

No amount of persuasion could make him willing to listen to it till his mistress told him about the animals talking; then mouth, ears and eyes were open, for he was very fond of horses and all dumb creatures.

Every time he heard of a cruel driver abandoning the check-rein, or a merciless one becoming merciful, he cried, exultingly,—

"It's 'The Strike at Shane's' that did it, or me name is not Mike Murphy."

NON-COMMITTAL.

Our good old Dartmouth President of many years ago, the Rev. Dr. Lord, was a famous man for non-committal when he wanted to be. At one time a phrenologist, through the New Hampshire Statesman, called upon him as the head of public education in the State to say whether he believed the science of phrenology to be true. The Doctor could not well avoid an answer, so he wrote a long letter, beginning "whether the science of phrenology be true or not, which I shall neither attempt to assert or deny"—and so it went on to the end, which left the public in about the same state of enlightenment on the subject as the old lady had who declared that she could always tell good indigo, because when you put good indigo into the water it would either sink or swim, and she didn't remember which.

We meet these non-committal people occasionally now-a-days.

They are not exactly the kind of people that came over in the Mayflower, or threw the tea into Boston harbor, or stood on Bunker Hill.

They don't bother their heads about docking, or shooting pigeons from traps for sport, or wearing birds on bonnets, or dissecting cats and other animals in our public schools.

In all the battles of life they much resemble the colored cook who ran away at Fort Donaldson at the enemy's first fire, and when asked by his commanding officer why he ran away at the first fire, answered that he would have ran away before if he had known that they were going to fire. They never intend to be crucified or burned at the stake—not if they know it—but as they never disagree with anybody they are not unpleasant people to meet socially and so are in their way useful.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE NEGRO.

We are assured by a Southern D. D. that the negroes are increasing in the South much more rapidly than the whites. They are also getting good educations in the various schools established for them.

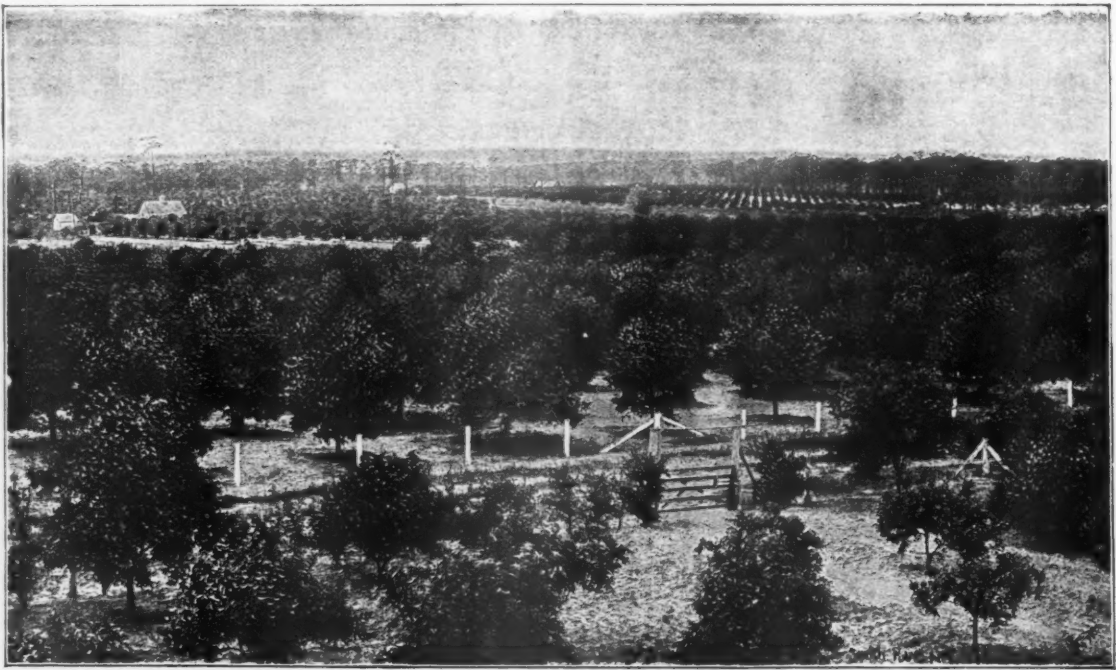
The Rev. Dr. says he attended a large meeting some time since at which a colored man in his address, said, "It has been a question what the whites are going to do with the nigger, but the time is coming when the question will be 'what is the nigger going to do with the whites?'"

We are endeavoring through our humane societies and "Bands of Mercy," and the wide distribution of our humane literature, to so educate both that these questions shall be settled by ballots and not by bullets.

A cheerful disposition is not only a personal blessing but a public philanthropy in the good effect it has on others.

CATTLE ON THE PLAINS.

In the *Evening Transcript* of February 20th we find that thousands of cattle starved to death now lie on our western plains, and others are dying. Let us pray that God's mercy will save this nation from such a plague as, starting from starvation in Russia, has gone around the world. And may God hasten the time when a humane public sentiment over this whole land shall stop such crimes.



CALIFORNIA ORANGE GROVE IN MARCH.

By kind permission of South Publishing Co., N. Y.

PURE, WHOLESOME MILK.

Years ago we gave a great deal of time and labor to investigating the milk supply of Boston. We obtained the most overwhelming evidence that nearly all our milk was adulterated with water and various preparations, and that in consequence probably thousands of Boston babies had died from want of proper nourishment, or been made weaklings. Since then much has been done by our State and City Boards of Health to improve the quality of our milk. But in our judgment it is impossible for them with their limited resources and many duties to do anything like what ought to be done until we have as we have often urged, Societies for the protection of public health similar to our Societies P. C. A., supported by private philanthropy, not dependent upon politics, and employing chemists, investigators and officers who will never hesitate to attack and expose everybody and everything that ought to be attacked and exposed.

But the object of this article is to impress on all our readers the great fact that you cannot have good milk without kind treatment of the cow.

If you keep cows in dark or unclean stables — If you fail to give them air, exercise and sunshine — If you feed them on improper food to force a larger yield of milk — If you keep them in solitary confinement even, without companions — If you do anything to worry or trouble, or make unhappy your cows, somebody who drinks the milk will have to suffer, just as the nursing child suffers when its mother is troubled, the milk under such circumstances becoming not only dangerous but sometimes, as every intelligent physician knows, poisonous to the child.

When the public come to more widely know the good we are trying to do simply in this one matter of the kinder treatment of cows — through

our over 17,000 "*Bands of Mercy*," and the circulation of such publications as the "*Strike at Shane's*," "*Hollyhurst*," and this paper so widely over our country to over 10,000 editors and others, they will get a new idea of the magnitude and breadth of our work and how it bears not only on humanity, but also on public health.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SO-HO, BOSSY, SO-HO.

Outside the wind of winter blows,
Outside the thick snow falls;
But Cherry and Brindle and Spot and Rose
Are safe and snug in their stalls.
Up in the barn there are tons of hay,
And thousands of turnips below,
Breakfasts for Buttercup, Midget and May,
So-ho, Bossy, so-ho!
"We're free from the fear of frost or flood,
For the winter may come or go"—
(Says the Marquis of Meadows, rolling his cud)—
So-ho, Bossy, so-ho!

Up and down in the passageway
There gallops a week-old calf,
Sober old cows look up from their hay
To nudge each other and laugh;
His pretty young mother with pride is full—
Affection has set her aglow,
Because he's a beautiful pedigreed bull—
So-ho, Bossy, so-ho!
From Buttercup, Midget, from Cherry and Spot
Most delicate compliments flow,
From Dewdrop, Daffodil, Daisy and Dot,
So-ho, Bossy, so-ho!

After supper they lie and coax
Each other to tell a yarn,
I know that they frequently crack their jokes
Down in the basement barn;
But hush-a-bye yearlings upon them creep,
With corn stalk wands they go,
And soon the picnic is sound asleep;
So-ho, Bossy, so-ho!
Rock-a-bye, Bumble Bee, Brown and Spot,
To the hush-a-bye hills we go,
Lull-a-bye, Daffodil, Dimple and Dot;
So-ho, Bossy, so-ho!

—THE KHAN, in *The World*.

That culture which does not reach the heart is a failure.

PROVIDENTIAL.

A kind letter from our good friend of many years, Wm. H. Baldwin, whose wonderfully successful work in building up our "*Young Men's Christian Union*" began the same year that ours began for the protection of animals, suggests the thought of how much in the beginnings of all our great charities depends on those who seem to have been providentially placed in charge of them. "*The Consumptive's Home*" and Dr. Cullis — the great schools at Northfield with their 700 or 800 pupils and D. L. Moody — "*The Woman's Christian Temperance Union*" and Frances E. Willard — "*The New York S. P. C. A.*" and Henry Bergh — "*The Red Cross*" and Clara Barton. It certainly seems as though the good spirits, or The Great Spirit of all Good, have had something to do with the founding of these organizations and the grand work for humanity and christianity they are doing and have done.

DOCKED THE HORSES' TAILS.

LADIES INDIGNANT AT THE MUTILATION OF THEIR GIFT TO PRINCESS MAY.

HALIFAX, N.S., Feb. 18, 1894.—The women of Canada subscribed several thousand dollars for a pair of horses, sleigh, and set of furs and robes for a wedding present to the Princess May, Duchess of York. The horses were shipped from Halifax a few days ago after their tails had been docked.

The lady treasurer of the Halifax subscriptions saw the horses the day they were shipped, and was shocked at the manner the magnificent animals had been tortured and mutilated.

James C. Mackintosh, the well-known banker and ex-mayor of the city, has taken the matter up, and in conjunction with the subscribers to the fund in Montreal is inaugurating steps to prosecute Mr. Skead, a prominent citizen of Ottawa, said to be responsible for the mutilation, while the women of Canada who subscribed the money will memorialize the princess not to accept the horses, and thus express her reprobation of the barbarous practice of docking.

Halifax ladies who subscribed say they would never have given a dollar if they had had any idea that their sentiments were to be outraged by the torture and mutilation of the animals.

ORANGE BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Mr. Angell desires to acknowledge a box of beautiful orange buds and blossoms from Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hunt of Waldo, Florida. While several boxes of flowers sent him from the city, only five miles, have been frozen stiff, these orange flowers have come all the way from Florida in beautiful condition.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Last June's number was made attractive by the fine picture of Audubon, the naturalist, kindly furnished by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York. Again we have their cordial co-operation in two of the several illustrations of an article of great interest, "The Schoolmaster," by James Baldwin, in the February "Scribner's Magazine," with permission also to publish extracts from it.

For the pretty cut prefixed to the account of the Bosworth St. pigeon shelter in our last number we were indebted to Lee & Shepard. From this firm, always ready to help our cause, we have other cuts for future use.

We regret to announce the enforced resignation, on account of ill-health, of our former agent at Wilmington, Mr. Charles W. Swain, who, in the early days of the Society—in July, 1868—came forward to accept appointment. For more than twenty-five years he has rendered, in his own unobtrusive manner, most faithful service, for which we feel deeply grateful, and in his declining years we wish him all possible comfort and happiness. Mr. Wm. E. Taylor has been appointed to succeed Mr. Swain.

At a recent meeting of primary teachers in the class-room of a Boston school, the head master of the Normal School propounded this question: "If you should cut off two of a cat's legs how many would be left?" While the little five-year-olds were hesitating, perhaps shocked at the thought of cruelly treating poor Tabby, a spectator, who evidently was well informed as to the horrible practices that have obtained in some of the High Schools, answered in a loud, deep tone: "Apply to the High Schools and you will get a correct answer every time."

A Boston lady writes us: "A short time ago I had a letter from a young girl in which she wrote thus about dissecting cats in school."

"Yesterday the teacher had two cats, one of which she intended to use in the morning, the other in the afternoon. But as they were kept together they fought, and the one for the afternoon was scratched so badly she would not dissect it. Oh, it was such a relief to have this happen, for I was in the afternoon class and we did not have that dissection to go through with."

A visitor entering the halls of the High School this morning was greeted with a sight to make one's heart cease beating. A form cold in death borne upon a stretcher, a black pall partially covering a mutilated body, may be common enough in some places, but it tends to send the chills up and down one's back to stumble on it in our halls of learning. It was of course just a cat which had been in the hands of the dissecting class and was now prepared for the last sad rites over its mortal remains, but for a morning greeting it is cruel.—*Rockford Register-Gazette.*

It appears that these dissections have been in progress for some time and that the fad, for it is nothing less, has developed into that barbarous practice, vivisection, or dissection of animals for physiological investigation without the use of anaesthetics. None of these High School scholars are studying anatomy with the intention of becoming physicians, and the teachers in countenancing this cruel course of instruction are guilty of pandering to tastes which such a line of experiments are fast rendering depraved and hardened. Anatomical research beyond all which may be learned from standard works on the subject is entirely unnecessary and inexcusable in a public High School.—*Rockford Morning Star.*

A BOSTON GIRL DANCES BEFORE KING OSCAR.

Miss Mabel H. Barrows, having taken a Swedish peasant's part at a Swedish national festival in Stockholm, wrote an account of it full of charming naturalness, and the more delightful because intended only for the home circle. The "*Woman's Journal*" did the public good service in procuring it for publication. Readers of the following extracts will join in our regrets at being unable to publish the letter entire.

MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA:—Have I not always said that I would sometime dance before a king? Yesterday I did, and with a button off my shoe at that.

It was on Tuesday afternoon, Gustav Vasa's day, the great national fest. We were told that the king was coming at 2.30, and we must be ready to meet him. A huge canopy of evergreen, very artistic and pretty, had been erected, decorated with flags, the king's bust, and coats of arms. It stood at a spot where several paths crossed, not very far from the entrance. Along the path from the entrance to this bower we girls stood in line, forming an alley, with our arms full of flowers. Oh, I didn't tell you that a charming villa had been put at the disposal of us girls for dressing. It stood in a lovely garden where the fields and lawns were brilliant blue with forget-me-nots, like the reflection of the sky. I never saw such quantities, nor such beautiful ones in my life. And we could have all we wanted for the picking. So we had pulled great bunches of them for the king; some of the girls had roses, tulips, etc., but most of us had forget-me-nots and dandelions, great beauties, just as they grew together, yellow and blue—Swedish colors. A more appropriate flower than the forget-me-nots we could not have found, as it is said the king never forgets a face.

At last the king came, and a pretty sight it was as he, the crown prince and several other gentlemen, passed the gauntlet of these two hundred smiling, curtsying maidens who strewed their path with flowers before them. The king was surprised and delighted. Well, then we all marched on, two by two, holding hands, and the king stood aside and watched us. It was a picture as we wound around the pretty road, up the hill, past the pond, and under the trees. Then we came back to the place for dancing, a big round wooden platform usually used by the band. The king and prince had a beautiful pink and gold sofa on the grass close by. The band ceased, and two fiddlers and a flute struck up instead, playing the Swedish country dances. Then we started a lively "ring-dance." My place was on the outside and end, where it is dreadfully hard work. I thought I should drop before we finished. As it was, the king, who sat just at my feet, laughed to see how red, almost purple, I got. He enjoyed it immensely, and took it in with his mouth ajar. After the dancing we marched away, and King Oscar was allowed to wander about inspecting the booths.

CANINE PSYCHOLOGY.

Scarcely anything is lacking in the mental furniture of this psychological dog to make him the equal of a baby two years old, except thinking in words; and who can prove that he is destitute of this faculty, although not possessing articulate speech? The other evening, while I was giving my plants a drink, he came to me several times, asking to have the gate opened. His sign and vocal language is of his own adaptation. For a drink of water he has one combination; another for a request to be let out of the house, and still a different one to pass out at the gate into the street. Not caring to lay down the hose, I paid little heed to his teasings, and he determined to compass his purpose in another way. To the front door he went, and pressing it found it not latched, but requiring some force to throw it open. Then he backed out the full width of the veranda, and running, threw his weight so violently against the door as to drive it open. Very soon he reappeared with his mistress, to whom he had made his supplication, and she, without knowing of his failure with me, opened the gate and gave the little fellow his coveted freedom.

It should be explained in regard to the wit shown in opening a heavy or sticking door, that Toots acquired his experience with a fly door closed by the reaction of a spring. He found by experiments that if with his fore paws he pressed this door open just

far enough to emit his body, it would spring to and pinch his tail, and that by retreating and running the whole length of a small entry he could impart momentum enough to open the door wide and thus clear his tail. This act, I am inclined to think, is a little smarter than is usual in a two-year-old child. The skill thus acquired is regularly applied by Toots in opening the door of the kitchen in which his bed is made.

I have recorded another still more interesting act which raises the question whether animals are capable of emotions of a religious nature. Romanes claims to have proved that some animals exercise all the human emotions, "with the exception of those which refer to religion, moral sense, and perception of the sublime." On the other hand, Mr. John Fiske makes a category for Toots. In discussing the "primeval ghost-world," he quotes from "Nature" as follows: "A skye terrier accustomed to sit on his haunches when wanting favors from his master would also sit up before the mantelpiece before his rubber ball. This illustrates Auguste Comte's remark that dogs, apes, and elephants may have a few fetishistic notions."

It is a habit of Toots, when alone and occasion requires, to perform his sitting and hand-waving supplications to inanimate things, as if they were capable of volition. Very early in his history Toots was taught to sit on his haunches, receiving bits of food as a reward for the performance. It was observed that he spontaneously raised his hands as an additional expression of desire. He has been discovered thus paying his addresses to a rubber doll, beseeching it to descend from the mantel-piece for his benefit. The same address is made by him to a door he cannot open or to a glass of water he cannot reach, when no human friend is present to serve him.

So also when he failed to force open the kitchen door that was fastened there followed his last effort a silence that led me to conclude it was the little fellow's moment of prayer. Accordingly, at the right instant I thrust open the door, when I found that he had been sitting up before the unyielding object and waving his suppliant hands with a genuine earnestness that would shame the hollow formality of many a human worshipper.

The question naturally arises, Does Toots believe in ghosts? And if so, have we not found in him the evidence of an incipient fetishism, an inspiration of rude religious emotion and a glimmering perception of the sublime?—JOHN MONTEITH, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

DOING WITHOUT IT.

I've found some wisdom in my quest
That's richly worth retailing;
I've learned that when one does his best
There's little harm in failing.

I thought to gather wealth untold,
And made my boast about it;
My wit and toil bring little gold—
But I am rich without it.

I said, "The world shall bear my name,
And down the ages shout it!"
I shall not win the bauble fame—
I'm just as great without it.

I thought to know philosophy,
And teach the world about it;
My plummet will not sound the sea,
My ship sails on without it.

Another thing I've had to prove,
Though much I used to doubt it;
One can't be sure of human love,
But one can live without it.

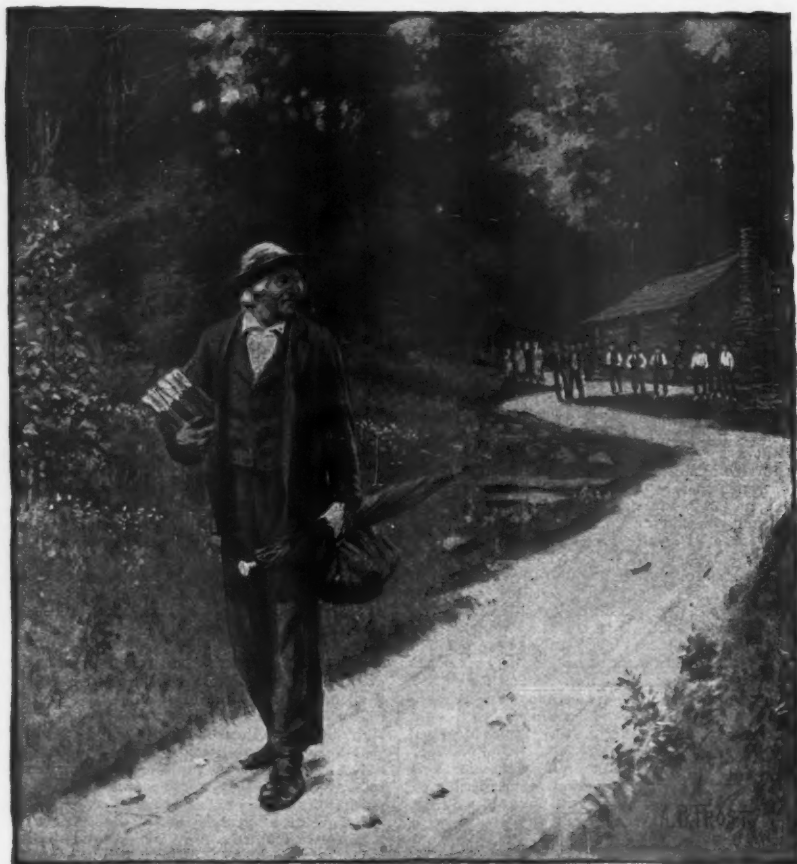
I saw the world with wrong o'ergrown,
And bravely fought to rout it;
Some age will see it overthrown—
So I can die without it.

I may not reach what I pursue,
Yet will I keep pursuing;
Nothing is vain that I can do,
For soul-growth comes of doing.

But wherefore tell you what I know,
Since you will not receive it?
When you have lived and learned, I trow,
You're certain to believe it.

—REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

We never should know that the stars shine bright,
Were it not for darkness and shades of night;
We never should know of sweet pleasure's reign,
But for times of sadness and hours of pain.



HE BIDS FAREWELL TO THE SCENE OF HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"They are all that see her yet."

By courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

I remember poor Thomas Underwood — "Old Tommy," as the boys nicknamed him from the first — how he came to grief through an honest effort to familiarize his pupils with the vowel sounds. He had spent the summer months somewhere in the East, and I suppose had imbibed some crude ideas concerning those subjects which afterward swept the country under the grand designation of vocal gymnastics. At any rate he was determined to introduce some novel features into his school, and on the very first day he wrote in glaring letters of chalk at the top of the blackboard these meaningless sentences:

"They are all that see her yet."

I sit so soon down on wood."

Three times every day — morning, noon and evening — he required each one of us to repeat these lines, and then the whole school had to pronounce them in concert. Then he would ask: "How many sounds has the vowel *a*?"

And we were expected to answer:

"Four, as in 'they are all that.'"

"How many sounds has *e*?"

"Three, as in 'see her yet.'"

"How many sounds has *i*?"

"Two, as in 'I sit.'"

"How many sounds has *o*?"

"Five, as in 'so soon down on wood.'"

I suppose that, had he been permitted to carry out his plan, he would have made some equally astonishing revelations concerning the other vowels, which he informed us were "u

and sometimes *w* and *y*." When, however, he had persevered in his new departure for three or four weeks, and the absurd formula had been forever fixed in the brain of even the dumbest pupil, he met with a sudden check. One evening, when he was in the very midst of the performance, a deputation of his patrons quietly filed into the school-room, and after listening attentively to the end wanted to know "what good there was in all that stuff anyhow." I am not clear as to what the master said by way of answer, but they pointedly told him that, while such new-fangled nonsense might do well enough down East where the people had nothing better to think about, it was an accomplishment which plain Western people, who had their own living to earn, could well afford to do without. And they closed by saying that for the rest of the term they expected him to teach nothing except the common branches of learning designated in his "article." Of course the master was obliged to acquiesce, and although he scored some triumphs during the remainder of his stay, it was only in the face of many difficulties that he persevered. And when at length he closed the school-house door for the last time, and bade farewell to the scene of his disappointments, it was amid a chorus of shouts of "They are all that see her yet!"

Poor friend Underwood! It is with the kindest feelings that I shall always cherish his memory, for it was he that gave me my

first introduction to the immortal classics of our literature. I had been at great pains to borrow a two-penny book of nursery rhymes from a neighbor, and was slyly reading it behind my slate when the master surprised me by suddenly looking over my shoulder. I hastily crammed the little pamphlet into my pocket, and for the rest of the day lived in momentary expectation of the hickory. In the evening my name was called, and in an agony of fear I went and stood beside the master's chair.

"I see," said he, kindly, "that thee is somewhat inclined to books and reading. Here is a little work which thee may take home and keep till thee has read it through. It may not be altogether understandable to a young lad of thy age, but I am sure it will give thee pleasure."

The little work was a thin copy of "Paradise Lost," thumb-worn and yellow with age, and although it was certainly not wholly "understandable," it opened an entirely new world to my imagination, and I derived more enjoyment from the reading of it by the light of a flickering wood-fire than I have ever since gotten from any book. When I returned it and told the master how well I liked it, he took me into his confidence and showed me his library — fewer than a dozen volumes, but noble books, every one of them. And then he lent me, in succession, "Thomson's Seasons," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Franklin's Autobiography." They were all read with the zest which first acquaintance inspires, but the ecstatic thrill of delight that was aroused by Milton's sublime poem was never again experienced. — JAMES BALDWIN, in *Scribner's Magazine* for February.

How many there are of our finely trained, gracious and beautiful girls with not much money, the daughters of professional men, who are to-day looking unselfishly and nobly toward the schools! I think it a personal disaster that there are so few young men of the first ability and ambition, of generous college training and professional equipment, going into the service of the schools. It is not because there are so many women there, but because our young men so largely depend upon political elections for their position and continuance in office. As long as politics rule the schools, as long as there is no certain tenure of office, this state of things will continue. I would rather encourage women of the first ability and training than young men not of the first ability. The schools and the colleges for girls are sending out qualified persons by the hundreds and thousands. If the girls are being fitted for this work in increasing numbers, and if there is not a sufficient supply of young men, why not, for the sake of the women themselves, and also of the children, give them the work to do? They are going to be better teachers than ever. Give them work close to the children. We want to take the schools out of politics, to open the purses of this land and provide proper recompense for teaching, to have enough college and school buildings, and to arrange matters so that wherever there is a woman teacher there may be a man teacher to go with her. — MRS. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, as reported in *Woman's Journal*.

There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. — CHANNING.

THE LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The log school-house, a peculiar public institution, flourished while yet the public schools were unorganized, and disappeared at about the time of their general establishment. For although the State had no money with which to pay schoolmasters for their services, it had the power to provide free shelter for them and their pupils. In every district where such accommodations did not already exist the citizens were required to erect a school-building "eight feet in height from floor to ceiling, and furnished with everything necessary for the convenience of a school, the same to be forever open for the education of all children within the district without distinction." Every man had to do his part. He might work upon the building one day in each week until it was finished, or he might give a certain number of boards, or so many pounds of nails or panes of glass; but failing to do either the one or the other, he was to be fined three "levies" (thirty-seven and a half cents) for each day's neglect. Of course many districts evaded the law, and many others claimed exemption; yet numerous wonderful examples of pioneer architecture sprang into being. I have been told that in many cases a single day was sufficient for the building and complete equipment of one of these houses from foundation-sill to ridge-pole. The walls were of logs, sometimes hewn, but oftener unhewn, with clay "chinked" in between; the floor was of rough puncheons, or split slabs, laid side by side a few inches from the ground; the roof was of rough clapboards held firmly in place by stones and long poles. A four-legged stool and a table for the master, and slab benches, without backs, for the pupils—these comprised the necessary furniture. Instead of desks there was a single board supported by pegs driven into the wall, where the "writing scholars" stood by turns and practised penmanship. Instead of a stove there was a huge fireplace of stones and mortar, with a stick-and-clay chimney protruding from one end of the room. Sometimes there was not a nail or other piece of iron used in the construction of the entire building.

I doubt if any of these primitive structures have survived to the present day. Even forty years ago they had quite generally given place to neat frame or brick buildings, and at the time of my earliest recollection the era of the log school-house was nearing its end. —JAMES BALDWIN, in *Scribner's Magazine* for February.



BUILDING THE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE.

By courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

MY SCHOOLMA'AM.

Her face was dimpled, round and fair,
Her eyes were brown and mild,
And when I saw her teaching there
I longed to be a child.
But when a youngster failed to mind
And thoroughly was spanked,
That youthful days were far behind
My lucky stars I thanked.

She set me in a lofty place,
And handed me a book,
Behind whose pages at her face
I ventured oft to look.
And as her pupils spelled or read,
I took a passing part,
Permitting them to leave off head
The while I left off heart.

Now I'm a candidate, I feel
A curious elation,
A wondering 'twixt woe and weal
O'er my examination.
On passing it my heart is set,
And hardly can I wait
Till she and I together get
A joint certificate.

—R. L. HENDRICK, in *Puck*.

A NIGHTINGALE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

They paused,—the cripple in the chair,
More bent with pain than age;
The mother with her lines of care;
The many-buttoned page;

The noisy, red-cheeked nursery-maid,
With straggling train of three;
The Frenchman with his frogs and braid;—
All, curious, paused to see,

If possible, the small, dusk bird
That from the almond bough,
Had poured the joyous chant they heard,
So suddenly, but now.

And one poor Poet stopped and thought—
How many a lonely lay
That bird had sung ere fortune brought
It near the common way,

Where the crowd hears the note. And then,—
What birds must sing the song,
To whom that hour of listening men
Could ne'er in life belong!

But "Art for Art!" the Poet said,
"Tis still the Nightingale
That sings where no man's feet will tread,
And praise and audience fail."

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

ROSA BONHEUR AND HER LIONS.

The souls of animals have for her no more secrets than they have for a Toussanel or a Cherville. She seems to have something in her clear, straightforward look which tames wild beasts. She passes the hand with which she wields her brush in such a masculine manner without the slightest fear through the mane of a lion which she has just bought. For a long time she kept at By, in a cage, a lion which had been indomitable and untameable; he developed a real affection for her who came day by day with palette in hand to work before his cage. He would look at her and pass his great paw between the iron bars begging for a caress. When one does not shudder before such animals they eventually bow before one, and when one is just to them they return justice with love.

But one day, Rosa Bonheur was forced to give up her lion "Nero." The horses which were to drag the beast's cage to Paris trembled as they scented the odor of the fleasheer. Nero was as sad as if he suspected the coming separation. He seemed to interrogate Rosa Bonheur with his gold-yellow eyes, as they fitted the planks to the sides of his cage like the lid to a coffin. When the time for starting came he cast about him the saddest glances, almost of reproach upon those who were shutting him up; the eyes in the face from which the Greeks borrowed some of their attributes of Jupiter, were full of moisture and tears.

The lion wept!

They took him away to the Jardin des Plantes. He was less doted upon than at Rosa Bonheur's, but ophthalmia made him blind. The artist who had made so many wonderful studies from him went to see him and regretted deeply to find him stretched out on the board of his cage, humiliated by the curiosity of the idle crowd and dying, as Victor Hugo said—

"Triste, comme un lion rongé par la vermine."

He could not see Rosa Bonheur in the crowd, but he heard her. Her call in a clear voice reached him, "Nero!" And the old lion lifted himself up, seeking in the gloom which enshrouded him to find and to feel his mistress.

Another animal, a lioness, died at the foot of the staircase of By, in the arms of the artist, her tongue as rough as a file and her large paws holding still the hands of her to whom these last caresses seemed to say, "Do not leave me!"

"To have wild animals love one," said Rosa Bonheur, "one must love them!"

In her solitude at By she must often compare—with the comparison not always in favor of humanity—these lions which are overwhelmed by the cowardice and cruelty of the ferocious human animal.

The sphere of love going out from a wife who is tenderly loved is perceived in Heaven as sweetly fragrant.

THERE IS NO OTHER LIFE BUT THE ETERNAL.

(Last written words of Phillips Brooks.)

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

We met and passed, two friends of long ago!
Between his path and mine the waves of time
Have swept, and buried in their silent flow
Our youth, our prime.

But what was ours, is ours, and shall remain;
And what was then a dream fits on in dream;
And what was wrong alas! is seen a stain;
And what we are, we seem.

—Scribner's Magazine.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

This is such a day of specialties that comparatively few can ever enter into the dear old relation that existed formerly between physician and family. Heart secrets and sufferings that the minister could not extract from burdened souls were poured into the trustworthy ear of the good doctor, who ministered to soul quite as much as to body. His breast was the safe repository of every man, woman and child in the parish who needed his confidence; and to no other human being did he ever betray these confidences. When such a man enters the sick-room the burden of anxiety falls from the mother's heart; her child is safe so long as he is there. It seems as though he had power to banish the death angel; or, if indeed that sad messenger must come, the physician becomes the sympathetic friend who gives strength to bear the sorrow.

There is no man in the community who has more love and respect than the well-known physician. As a rule physicians are more permanent residents than ministers, since short pastorates are now the fashion, so that the pastor must give up to the doctor the place of honor which he once held when he was the cure of two or three successive generations in the same parish. One asks with sadness, as the poets pass away, Who is going to sing the songs of the future? When the great men die, we ask, Where are they who are to be the great men of the days to come? And so, when we see the family doctor going his rounds, faithful, generous, devoted, and daily growing more wise, threading his way through crowded streets that were pasture-land when he began his practice forty years ago, we ask with a pang at our hearts, Who can ever take the place of the beloved physician? Long may he be spared! And may many of the young men who are now seeking that profession for "what there is in it," find that the noblest thing in it is the opportunity that it gives for devotion and self-sacrifice, for winning love and honor, and for saving men heart and soul as well as body. No profession requires more of a man,—fidelity, purity, wisdom, patience, hard work, sleepless nights, weary days; but no profession brings richer rewards or sweeter benedictions.—*Christian Register*.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer : To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 17907 Macon, Ga.
Gresham High School.
Excelsior Band.
P., B. M. Zettler. | 17957 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Smith. | 18008 New Castle School Band.
P., Miss Massey. | 18055 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss L. C. Foutc. | 18108 Lily Band.
P., Miss Muse. |
| 17908 Golden Rule Band.
P., C. B. Chapman. | 17958 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Taylor. | 18009 Holton School Band.
P., Miss Cook. | 18056 Neverfail Band.
P., Minnie Quinn. | 18109 Rose Band.
P., Miss Clarke. |
| 17909 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Stephens. | 17959 Hope Band.
P., Miss Craig. | 18010 Hope School Band.
P., Miss Blue. | 18057 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss P. Hutchinson. | 18110 Violet Band.
P., Miss Brady. |
| 17910 Whittier Band.
P., Miss McEvoy. | 17960 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Small. | 18011 Newburg School Band.
P., Mrs. Waite. | 18058 Wide Awake Band.
P., Annie Hornady. | 18111 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Bryson. |
| 17911 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Gustin. | 17961 Star Band.
P., Miss Hill. | 18012 Avondale School Band.
P., Miss Glaser. | 18059 Sunbeam Band.
P., Katie King. | 18112 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Payne. |
| 17912 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Gilbert. | 17962 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Hayes. | 18013 Bellevue School Band.
P., Miss Taylor. | 18060 Hope Band.
P., Helen Roddey. | 18113 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Dibble. |
| 17913 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Allen. | 17963 So. Macon School.
I'll Try Band.
P., W. P. Carlos. | 18014 Boulevard School Band.
P., E. F. Mims. | 18061 Star Band.
P., Ida Guthman. | 18114 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Thompson. |
| 17914 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Dana. | 17964 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Supple. | 18015 White Spring School Band.
P., F. A. Hunter. | 18062 Rosebud Band.
P., Clara Bradley. | 18115 Worcester, Mass.
L. T. L. Band. |
| 17915 Nesbet School.
Rose Band.
P., Miss Smith. | 17965 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Beeland. | 18016 Mt. Hope School Band.
P., Mary Carvins. | 18063 Crew St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Aurelia Roach. | 18116 Lake City, Mich.
Kind Hearted Band.
P., Addie Doremus. |
| 17916 Lily Band.
P., Miss Burghard. | 17966 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Dana. | 18017 Pleasant Grove School Band.
P., D. B. Corneliuss. | 18064 Lily Band.
P., Miss Smillie. | 18117 Charleroi, Pa.
Silver Star Band.
P., Effie L. Craig. |
| 17917 Violet Band.
P., Miss McAndrew. | 17967 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Freeman. | 18018 Union Church School Band.
P., Mrs. Howard. | 18065 Rose Band.
P., Miss Andrews. | 18118 McClammy, N. C.
Falling Creek Band.
P., Mallie E. Helen. |
| 17918 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Chapman. | 17968 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Thorne. | 18019 Ocmulgee School Band.
P., Eugenia Gamble. | 18066 Violet Band.
P., Miss Patton. | 18119 Bakerville, Conn.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Mrs. Weston. |
| 17919 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Hunt. | 17969 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Lowry. | 18020 Duersville School Band.
P., J. A. Sanders. | 18067 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Riordon. | 18120 Herkimer, N. Y.
Excelsior Band.
P., Katherine L. Burnop. |
| 17920 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Holmes. | 17970 Hope Band.
P., Miss Guttenger. | 18021 Lisboro School Band.
P., Mrs. Pierceson. | 18068 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Henderson. | 18121 Baltimore, Md.
L. T. L. Band. |
| 17921 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Ford. | 17971 Star Band.
P., Miss Brantly. | 18022 Swift Creek School Band.
P., A. J. Solomon. | 18069 Magnolia Band.
P., Mrs. Davis. | 18122 Minneapolis, Minn.
Junior Humane Band.
P., Frances Farrington. |
| 17922 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Barden. | 17972 Walden High School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., C. W. Kilpatrick. | 18023 Holly Grove School Band.
P., C. N. Robinson. | 18070 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Steinhauer. | 18123 Scranton, Kansas.
Hope and Love Band.
P., C. Nixon. |
| 17923 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Evans. | 17973 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Merritt. | 18024 Summerfield School Band.
P., J. A. Brooks. | 18071 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Lyan. | 18124 Norwood, Ohio.
Ivanhoe Band.
P., Annie Martin. |
| 17924 Whittle School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Mrs. Manson. | 17974 Warrior High School.
I'll Try Band.
P., J. C. Parrott. | 18025 Mt. Zion School Band.
P., R. M. Harris. | 18072 Walker St. School.
Excelsior Band.
P., L. M. Landrum. | 18125 So. Bend, Ind.
Rainbow Colors Band.
P., Erna Whitcomb. |
| 17925 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Roberts. | 17975 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Hollomon. | 18026 Antioch School Band.
P., B. A. Carvins. | 18073 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Battle. | 18126 Pansy Band.
P., Minnie C. French. |
| 17926 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss B. Pound. | 17976 Union High School.
Wide Awake Band.
P., W. B. Redding. | 18027 Bloomfield School Band.
P., Miss Blount. | 18074 Whittier Band.
P., Mrs. Hall. | 18127 Wide Awake Band.
P., Winona Dodd. |
| 17927 Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Davis. | 17977 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Locke. | 18028 Goodwin School Band.
P., S. J. Searcy. | 18075 Rose Band.
P., Miss Dunlap. | 18128 Workers of Kindness Band.
P., Emma Stevenson. |
| 17928 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss A. Pound. | 17978 Green St. School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., H. J. T. Hudson. | 18029 Ballard Normal School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., F. T. Waters. | 18076 Violet Band.
P., Miss Kachum. | 18129 Be Kind to Animals Band.
P., Amy E. Ruth. |
| 17929 Star Band.
P., Miss Sasset. | 17979 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Pitts. | 18030 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Tanner. | 18077 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Jones. | 18130 Shining Star Band.
P., Dora Jackson. |
| 17930 Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Collier. | 17980 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Williams. | 18031 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Chesley. | 18078 Lily Band.
P., Miss Walker. | 18131 Madison School Band.
P., Minnie Cassidy. |
| 17931 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Hall. | 17981 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Hudson. | 18032 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Browne. | 18079 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Long. | 18132 Columbia Band.
P., Emma Kelsey. |
| 17932 Second St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Keenan. | 17982 Hope Band.
P., Miss Thomas. | 18033 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | 18080 Magnolia Band.
P., Miss Gershon. | 18133 Sunshine Band.
P., Alice Bradley. |
| 17933 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Darragh. | 17983 Star Band.
P., Miss Johnston. | 18034 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss French. | 18081 Morning Glory Band.
P., Miss McGuire. | 18134 Atlanta, Ga.
Marietta School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., A. N. Wilson. |
| 17934 Lily Band.
P., Mrs. Hodgkins. | 17984 Hazel St. School.
Longfellow Band.
P., F. K. Persley. | 18035 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Fairbanks. | 18082 Snowball Band.
P., Miss Battle. | 18135 I'll Try Band.
P., Mrs. De Jarnette. |
| 17935 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Peyser. | 17985 Whittier Band.
P., Mrs. Aylor. | 18036 Robin Band.
P., Miss Vansickle. | 18083 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Callaway. | 18136 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Pitts. |
| 17936 Magnolia Band.
P., Miss Mallery. | 17986 Hope Band.
P., Miss Stephenson. | 18037 Canary Band.
P., Miss Woodruff. | 18084 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Bass. | 18137 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Field. |
| 17937 Violet Band.
P., Miss Sullivan. | 17987 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss White. | 18038 Birmingham, Ala.
Palmer Band.
P., Miss E. V. McCrossin. | 18085 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Robert. | 18138 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Crawford. |
| 17938 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Edging. | 17988 Star Band.
P., Miss West. | 18039 Abbottstown, Pa.
Abbottstown Band.
P., Charles H. Richter. | 18086 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Clark. | 18139 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Roddey. |
| 17939 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. Nagel. | 17989 Turpin St. School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Perry H. Denton. | 18040 Baltimore, Md.
Fayette St. L. T. L. Band.
P., Hattie M. Wiest. | 18087 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Atkinson. | 18140 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Chiles. |
| 17940 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. Ware. | 17990 Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Marlow. | 18041 Woodstock, Oregon.
I'll Try Band.
P., Carrie McCabe. | 18088 Ira St. School Band.
C. S. Hubbard Band. | 18141 Hope Band.
P., Miss Anglin. |
| 17941 Winship School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Smith. | 17991 Pleasant Hill School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., L. H. Williams. | 18042 Parker Ford, Pa.
Protector Band.
P., Edgar Harley. | 18089 Magnolia Band.
P., Laura G. Wood. | 18142 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Mills. |
| 17942 Rose Band.
P., Miss Holmes. | 17992 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Patterson. | 18043 Hanover, N. H.
Hanover Band.
P., Susan A. Brown. | 18090 Golden Rule Band.
P., Susie Wells. | 18143 Davis St. School.
Violet Band. |
| 17943 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Willet. | 17993 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. Braswell. | 18044 Xenia, Ohio.
Phillippia Band.
P., Rev. E. J. H. Young. | 18091 Willing Workers Band.
P., Ruby Jones. | 18144 Rose Band.
P., Rosa Berman. |
| 17944 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Strayer. | 17994 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Epps. | 18045 Pomfret Centre, Conn.
Clark Band.
P., Wm. Johnson. | 18092 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Nunnally. | 18145 Lily Band.
P., Kate Sprenger. |
| 17945 Alexander School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Goodall. | 17995 Unionville School.
Rose Band.
P., Griffin D. King. | 18046 So. Bend, Ind.
Shining Star Band.
P., Miss Josephine Beckwith. | 18093 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Hanes. | 18146 Tulip Band.
P., R. L. Flynn. |
| 17946 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Findlay. | 17996 Violet Band.
P., Sarah B. Darby. | 18047 East St. Albans, Me.
East St. Albans Band.
P., Mabel E. Libby. | 18094 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Hardwick. | 18147 Mayflower Band.
P., Cornelia Orr. |
| 17947 Hope Band.
P., Miss Bennett. | 17997 E. Macon School.
Lincoln Band.
P., W. G. Hill. | 18048 Ludlow, Mass.
Stevens Band.
P., Austin L. Morse. | 18095 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Passmore. | 18148 Pansy Band.
P., Josie Heinz. |
| 17948 Star Band.
P., Miss McKay. | 17998 Little Helpers Band.
P., Ida Carroll. | 18049 Dover, N. H.
Knights of Temperance Band.
P., Richard Watson. | 18096 Star Band.
P., Miss Emma Muse. | 18149 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. H. L. Harvey. |
| 17949 Fourth St. School.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Berkman. | 17999 Sardis School Band.
P., Miss Fielder. | 18050 Milwaukee, Wis.
Fernwood Band.
P., Mrs. J. M. Olin. | 18097 Fair St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. A. H. Smith. | 18150 Boulevard School.
Lily Band. |
| 17950 Rose Band.
P., Sister Carmelia. | 18000 Planters School Band.
P., H. T. Conner. | 18051 Fallston, Md.
Angleside School Band.
P., Minnie V. Lee. | 18098 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Kennedy. | 18151 Rose Band.
P., Julia Hill. |
| 17951 Violet Band.
P., Sister Regis. | 18001 Midway School Band.
P., Miss Fellow. | 18052 Fort Kent, Me.
Madawaska Band.
P., Willie H. Pelletier. | 18099 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Passmore. | 18152 Violet Band.
P., Lillie Wurm. |
| 17952 Vincennes School.
Violet Band.
P., Miss Burghard. | 18002 Mt. Pleasant School Band.
P., Miss Barfield. | 18053 Scandia, Pa.
Scandia Band.
P., Maud Sternburg. | 18100 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Ford. | 18153 Magnolia Band.
P., E. C. Byorth. |
| 17953 Rose Band.
P., Miss Hayes. | 18003 Chambliss School Band.
P., Miss Redding. | 18054 Atlanta, Ga.
Ivy Street School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Mrs. F. S. Whiteside. | 18101 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Davies. | 18154 Mayflower Band.
P., Sophia Lynch. |
| 17954 Lily Band.
P., Miss Ellis. | 18004 Hamlin School Band.
P., E. E. Yates. | | 18102 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Winter. | 18155 Snowball Band.
P., Sallie James. |
| 17955 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. Griffin. | 18005 Singer Hill School Band.
P., Mrs. King. | | 18103 Hope Band.
P., Miss Waters. | 18156 Daisy Band.
P., Mary Woolf. |
| 17956 Fort Hawkins School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Mrs. Guerry. | 18006 Masseyville School Band.
P., Miss Lagerquist. | | 18104 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Choate. | |
| | 18007 Swift Creek School Band.
P., Miss Lowe. | | 18105 Star Band.
P., Miss Robinson. | |
| | | | 18106 Calhoun St. School.
Longfellow Band. | |
| | | | 18107 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss Tulier. | |

- 18157 Pansy Band.
P., Mary Davis.
- 18158 Rosebud Band.
P., Bessie Askew.
- 18159 State St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Amelia Brenner.
- 18160 Willing Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Walsh.
- 18161 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Dunlap.
- 18162 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss McDaniel.
- 18163 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Burtchell.
- 18164 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Cox.
- 18165 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Kimball.
- 18166 Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Conyers.
- 18167 Star Band.
P., Miss Hodges.
- 18168 Houston St. School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., W. B. Mathews.
- 18169 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Mrs. Turner.
- 18170 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Mitchell.
- 18171 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss A. D. Badger.
- 18172 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Pullen.
- 18173 Hope Band.
P., Miss Westmoreland.
- 18174 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss L. E. Badger.
- 18175 Star Band.
P., Miss Pollard.
- 18176 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss McGhee.
- 18177 Gray St. School.
Excelsior Band.
P., E. L. Chew.
- 18178 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. Bass.
- 18179 Lincoln Band.
P., Mrs. Wilson.
- 18180 Douglas Band.
P., Miss Hill.
- 18181 Robin Band.
P., Miss Holmes.
- 18182 Redbird Band.
P., Miss Coles.
- 18183 Canary Band.
P., Miss Pullen.
- 18184 Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Sloan.
- 18185 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss McNeal.
- 18186 Frazier St. School.
Longfellow Band.
P., Mrs. C. C. Knight.
- 18187 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Culpepper.
- 18188 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Steinheimer.
- 18189 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Liebman.
- 18190 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Witcher.
- 18191 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Garcia.
- 18192 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Jones.
- 18193 Star Band.
P., Miss Stevens.
- 18194 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Taylor.
- 18195 Morris Brown College.
Excelsior Band.
P., A. St. Geo. Richardson.
- 18196 Golden Rule Band.
P., D. J. Jordan.
- 18197 I'll Try Band.
P., Florence H. Martin.
- 18198 Willing Workers Band.
P., Annie B. Thomas.
- 18199 Neverfail Band.
P., Ella T. Landrum.
- 18200 Wide Awake Band.
P., Ida E. Upshaw.
- 18201 Sunshine Band.
P., Julia T. Allen.
- 18202 Star Band.
P., Jane Crane.
- 18203 Hope Band.
P., L. S. Harris.
- 18204 So. Vineland, N. J.
So. Vineland Band.
P., Adrian H. Eldredge.
- 18205 Pierce City, Mo.
Geraldine Band.
P., Mrs. Crebs.
- 18206 Battle Creek, Mich.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss M. L. Martin.
- 18207 Buffalo, N. Y.
Glenwood Band.
P., Clara O. Griffin.
- 18208 So. Bend, Ind.
Lafayette Band.
P., Agnes Turner.
- 18209 Winston, N. C.
Timmins Band.
P., Mrs. J. A. McDonald.
- 18210 Middleton, N. S.
Acorn Band.
P., Mrs. (Rev.) John Gee.
- 18211 Courtland, Kansas.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Lillian Parker.
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Total, \$1,068.23.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in January.

J. B. Glover, \$50; Miss Sarah Lewis, \$20; Mrs. L. Fairbanks, \$12.50; Miss Sarah M. Taylor, \$9; Miss A. D. Fogg, \$5; Mrs. L. P. Hickok, \$5; H. E. Sargent, \$5; E. Sutton, \$5; Miss H. N. Carpenter, \$5; C. D. Sheldon, \$5; Miss Cora H. Clarke, \$5.

And from sales of American Humane Education Society Publications.

Burrows Bros., \$45; J. & A. McMillan, \$5.82; Mrs. A. E. McIntyre, \$5.25; A. Flanagan, \$13.50; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$10; Miss Anna D. Ludlow, \$5; Toronto Humane Society, \$5; Baker & Taylor Co., \$10; J. R. Lippincott Co., \$13.34; Cong. S. S. & Pub. Society, \$5.11; N. P. Allen, \$5.25; John Wanamaker, \$5; Smith, Weaverling & Co., \$5.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$98.95.

Cases reported at our Boston Offices in January.

Whole number dealt with, 237; animals taken from work, 16, horses and other animals killed, 41.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.
Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100
Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell—
Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents;
twenty-four for ten cents; one hundred, 25 cents.
Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell . . . \$0.25 per 100
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or . . . 2.00 "
Care of Horses45 "
Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 1.10 "
Protection of Animals, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 1.50 "
Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T. Angell50 "
The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell60 "
The Cruel Over-check Card (two sides)15 "
How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr. D. D. Slade1.00 "
Service of Mercy, selections from Scripture, etc.85 "
Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell1.00 "
Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or2.00 "
Band of Mercy Metal Badges, 8 and 5 cents each.
Band of Mercy Ribbon Badges, 4 cents each.
Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.
Band of Mercy Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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Published on the first Tuesday of each month
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Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Children's	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Branch	1 00

All members of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society P. C. A. receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free, and all publications of the Society.

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